

THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW

*John Patrick Shanley*

*(A loud knocking at the door.)*

TOMMY: Who's that?

DONNA: *(From off.)* It's Donna.

TOMMY: Donna. Hah. Why do you honor me, Donna?

DONNA: *(From off.)* Open the fucking door.

TOMMY: Alright. Since you put it that way. *(He gets up and opens the door. There's Donna, an intense girl inside a black dress with a few white polka dots.)*

DONNA: You.

TOMMY: You look great.

DONNA: You've got to be fucking kidding me. Get outta my way. I'm coming in. *(She pushes past him and takes the place in.)* What a shithole.

TOMMY: I call it "Home."

DONNA: You do, huh? How you think 'em up? You got somethin to drink? Something protected? A glass a bottled water or somethin?

TOMMY: How 'bout the rest of my beer?

DONNA: How 'bout a fresh one doghead?

TOMMY: Charming. Alright. *(He goes and opens the refrigerator.)*

DONNA: I hope nothin's livin in there.

TOMMY: And me, I hope just about the reverse. *(Gives her a beer.)*

DONNA: How long have you lived here now?

TOMMY: Four months.

DONNA: This place got bugs?

TOMMY: Yeah.

DONNA: Do you got bugs?

TOMMY: I don't know.

DONNA: You used to be clean Tommy.

TOMMY: Yeah, well. That's the way I used to be. This is the new me.

DONNA: What's with you?

TOMMY: Nothing.

DONNA: What kind of number you doin'?

TOMMY: I'm not doin' nothing.

DONNA: Don't gimme that shit, professor. You think I got nothin' up above? You think you're dealing with one of your dipshit know nothin' chippies at the local disco? I'm hearin' shit. I'm seein' shit. I'm smellin' the smoke somethin' burnin' don't you tell me there's no fire. YOU ARE HITTIN' ON MY SISTER.

TOMMY: So you heard.

DONNA: I heard.

TOMMY: These things happen.

DONNA: Other things happen, too. I forsee your ass with a foot in it. The foot is wearin' my shoe.

TOMMY: I don't see how you're involved.

DONNA: Don't aggravate me, please?

TOMMY: You're out of it, right?

DONNA: Outta what?

TOMMY: My life?

DONNA: I thought so.

TOMMY: You're not sure?

DONNA: You've been sittin' here waitin' for me, ain't you? Ain't you?

TOMMY: I've been sittin here.

DONNA: How long you been seein Mona?

TOMMY: Who says I've been seein her? I dont even feel like answering you. A month.

DONNA: She's sixteen.

TOMMY: Just sixteen. I'm twenty-seven. So what? Life's short. Let's have fun.

DONNA: We both know what's going on here.

TOMMY: A man's gotta do what he's gotta do. You look good.

DONNA: You always thought too much.

TOMMY: I don't agree.

DONNA: Look at this junkyard. What're you doin? This ain't a good lifestyle.

TOMMY: So you're right. Which don't make you feel no better. When you comin back?

DONNA: I ain't comin back.

TOMMY: What're you doin out there without me?

DONNA: I'm gettin by.

TOMMY: *(Revealing himself.)* WELL HOW 'BOUT ME?

DONNA: HOW 'BOUT YOU?

TOMMY: I MISS YOU.

DONNA: YOU LEFT ME.

TOMMY: I LOVE YOU.

DONNA: YOU'RE HITTIN ON MY SISTER.

TOMMY: What? You expect me to die? I could. I'm trying to do somethin to keep goin. You're gone. There's nothin... I gotta make the heart pump the blood. Understand? You're gone.

DONNA: *You left me.*

TOMMY: So that was somethin I did.

DONNA: I don't know how to react to you. You boggle my fucking mind. What're you sayin? You want me back?

TOMMY: NO. No. That I cannot do. That way's just that fuckin killin pain. I can't... I don't know what to do with you, Donna. But if I don't see you, I'm starvin dyin lost like a a a feelin of a lackluster world but...

DONNA: Why are you breathin on my sister?

TOMMY: Its all you.

DONNA: Mona ain't me even in your demented eyes. She's sixteen.

TOMMY: What else could I do? I don't have that many options.

DONNA: You didn't have that option, either. That was just criminal shit you did outside the bounds. What's the picture for?

TOMMY: That's a picture of me.

DONNA: Who by?

TOMMY: Me.

DONNA: It's terrible. Why the one eye big and the other small?

TOMMY: That's what I look like.

DONNA: Oh, it is, huh?

TOMMY: You don't think it looks like me?

DONNA: No.

TOMMY: Then it's like I thought. You know the before but not the after.

DONNA: This is what you've changed to?

TOMMY: This is what I've always been like, really. Different moods. But this is the basic guy.

DONNA: This looks like some monster done outta crayons by an ungifted child. And look how you got it up there. A little scotch tape woulda done the trick. Ain't you got no

respect for your walls?

TOMMY: No. None.

DONNA: Well, you should.

TOMMY: The nails holdin it there is part of it. I don't know why I'm tryin to explain. You've always been hostile to anything you didn't understand in the first three seconds. Life just isn't simple enough for your basic approach. Just sayin somethin's over don't make it so. It just puts a lid down so the pressure can build to where everythins bent. There's lightning screwed in a jar here.

DONNA: You were the one ended it.

TOMMY: So I fucked up. And I don't know what to do even now. I look bad, don't I?

DONNA: You look bad. But you look okay. (*Indicating picture.*) You don't look as bad as that.

TOMMY: Yes, I do.

DONNA: You are crazy. Listen. Tell me somethin. You been with Mona?

TOMMY: I've seen her.

DONNA: Have you been with her?

TOMMY: Yeah.

DONNA: (*In sudden extreme pain.*) How? How could you do that? Do you hate me?

TOMMY: No.

DONNA: She's my sister and you... did that?

TOMMY: I didn't. Really.

DONNA: What? But you just said you did.

TOMMY: It happened.

DONNA: But Tommy, who happened it?

TOMMY: It just did though. Happen.

DONNA: Don't gimme that shit. That is the worst. That is my most unfavorite lie.

TOMMY: Your sister did it.

DONNA: My sister did it. And where were you at the time? Chinatown?

TOMMY: I was there too.

DONNA: I want a promise. You won't touch her again.

TOMMY: Why do you care so much?

DONNA: She's my sister.

TOMMY: It's cause a what you feel for me.

DONNA: Felt.

TOMMY: You still love me.

DONNA: Yeah, I love ya. I dont on ya. I hate your fuckin guts. I'm lost how to proceed with you. You're like a nut. You see everything through this slot. It kills me. I thought you loved me.

TOMMY: I do.

DONNA: I don't get it. How could you love me and drag my family down into this shit?

TOMMY: Why do you think I'm sittin' in this garbage can? Huh? Cause everything's cool an I'm in good shape? Huh? Look at me. Look at my picture I did. That's me. One eyes sees too much one eye can't get big enough to see my way out of how I feel, I'm holdin my face up with nails. Everything's you. I see everything and everything's you. *(He grabs her and crushes her. They kiss passionately.)*

DONNA: I'm scared.

TOMMY: God.

DONNA: I'm shaking.

TOMMY: I want you Donna. I wanna take you right now.